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EATHS & GEMS

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Wreaths and Gems.

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1882,
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WREATHS AND GEMS.

BY

REV. MATTHEW GAILEY,

PROFESSOR IN THE R. P. THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY,
PHILADELPHIA.

33

Dec 18 2058 n

PHILADELPHIA:
Spangler & Davis, Printers, 529 Commerce Street.
1882.

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NOTE.

THE following attempt at verse had its inception in a desire to animate and encourage fellow-workers in the Sabbath School; and weave a floral "wreath" with which to crown the devoted members of the Author's Bible Class for their regularity, and diligence in studying the lessons. The pieces—*In Memoriam*—are offered as a humble monument in honor of loved ones gone to be forever with the Lord. It is hoped that the interesting truths presented in

the other pieces, will be recognized as precious "gems," however rough the settings. This little book is inscribed to the Sabbath School, Congregation, and friends of the Author with the prayer, that it may be as "Songs in the night" to some fellow-pilgrims on the way to heaven; and that it may add to the many ties of affection, harmony and good-feeling, which for almost fifteen years have bound pastor and people together in the most endearing relations.

M. GAILEY.

Philadelphia, Dec., 1882.

Wreaths and Gems.

ANNIE BALLENTINE.

A New Year's chimes are ringing;
New choral anthems singing;
New joys to *Annie* bringing;
In concert all uniting,
Each day the heart delighting.

Bright roses sweetly smelling
Abound where Christ is dwelling,
Like floral wreaths entwining—
Like star-gems brightly shining.
Earth's treasures are decaying—
None should be long delaying
To seek the Lord of Glory,
In his sweet gospel story.
Now, love dear Jesus daily,
Echoes your friend, M. Gailey.

JANE BATT.

Jewels sparkling with glory most bright,
As gems in the Saviour's Crown,
Now radiant with heavenly light,
Enjoy everlasting renown.

Bright prospects are spread in our view,
As a rich and a blessed reward,
To cheer up the faithful and true,
Till they enter the joy of their Lord.

KATE J. CLARK.

King Jesus unbarred the celestial doors,
And entered his palace above,
That he may prepare on those heavenly shores,
Eternal fruitions of love.

Joy thrills through the bosom of each happy soul

Coming forth out of great tribulation—
Love moves all the ransomed to praise and extol,
And adore the great God of Salvation.
Rejoice that Christ reigns with unbounded control,
King and Monarch throughout all Creation.

MARY E. CRAWFORD.

Many bright stars are shining
  Above in the azure sky,
Reflecting its golden lining—
  Your home when you come to die.

Evermore on its shining shore.—

"Come ye unto me," says Jesus,
  "Right early into my fold;
A Crown I bestow that pleases,
  Worth more than a world of gold."
Forsake every earthly pleasure;
  Oh! follow the blessed Lord;
Rich, rich is his heavenly treasure—
  Delightful his great reward.

ANNIE CUNNINGHAM.

A star of heaven on earth does shine,
Now pointing us to life divine;
No beacon on life's stormy sea
Is half so bright, O star, as thee!
Eternally our guide to be.

Come shine, O sparkling orb, so bright;
Upon our path shed radiant light.
Nought but the light of this bright star,
Now shining o'er our earth afar,
Is pleasing to the pilgrim's eye,
Nor can so point him to the sky.
Guide and direct us to that land—
Home of the saints at God's right hand;
And when we come to that fair shore,
May thy light shine still more and more.

SARAH CUNNINGHAM.

Since step by step, we journey home,
And tread the straight and narrow way,
Rejoicing that we yet shall roam
Amid the joys of endless day,
How gladly we should watch and pray.

Collected saints from earth's wide bounds
Up yonder where the ransomed meet,
Now serve where perfect praise resounds—
Now cast their crowns at Jesus' feet.
In ecstasy they wave the palm,
No more to heave a doleful sigh;
God teaches them the heavenly psalm,
He wipes the tears from every eye;
And there the ever blessed I AM
Makes intercession in the sky.

KATE CURRAN.

Keep close to the cross and you'll not miss
the way ;
Avoid every path that would lead you astray,
To Christ you will sing in his own happy land ;
Elated with joy in his presence to stand.

Chanting melodies sweet and rich symphonies
pure,
Upon harps which the Master himself shall
procure ;
Rejoicing forever that it was your rule,
Right early to serve Him in this Sabbath
School ;
And delighted to know that His servants shall
sing
Never ending Hosanna's to Jesus there King.

JENNIE DUNLAP.

Jesus loves his fair flowers to gather—
Evergreens to transplant in his garden,
None will he present to his Father—
None save those which bloom this side the
Jordan—
Immortelles that do flourish and grow
Even now in his garden below.

Delightful it will be to wander
Up yonder beside the clear River;
Nought there but pure streamlets meander—
Love flowing for ever and ever,
As cascades that leap from their fountains,
Pouring down the celestial mountains.

LIZZIE DUNLAP.

Like lilies fair the saints shall bloom
In Paradise above,
Zephyrs waft back the sweet perfume
Zion's true pilgrims love;
In endless joys beyond the tomb,
Each Saint through Bliss shall move.

Drink deep at Love's perennial spring—
Unto the King due honors bring;
Nor e'er forget the golden crown,
Laid up for those who gain renown—
A rich reward is now in heaven
Provided, and by Jesus given.

MAGGIE FURLOW.

Many and beautiful fragrant flowers
Are blooming here below;
God waters them with richest showers,
Grace makes them all to grow—
In yonder green celestial bowers
Each one shall bloom we know.

Friends of the Lord gaze with delight
Upon his smiling face,
Refulgent as the radiant light,
Lit up with joy and grace.
Oh! to behold his glory bright,
When we have run our race.

MARY A. FURLOW.

Many monuments piled up by Jesus
Are standing before the white throne,
Reflecting his glory who saves us;
Yet Christ claims them all as his own;

All placed by his hand in Immanuel's land.

Full fountains of glory and blessing,
Up yonder, are constantly flowing;
Right gladly the saints are expressing
Loud praise for their joys beyond knowing.
Oh! hark! till you hear them confessing
What happiness God is bestowing.

RACHEL HOUSER.

Remember dear Jesus in youth—
Accept his pure teachings of truth—
Contemplate the sweet fragrant flowers
Hid among the Celestial bowers,
Entwined as fair chaplets of love,
Laid up for the ransomed above.

How sweet to be gems in that crown,
On his head who is "Plant of Renown"—
Up yonder in glory divine,
Saints will in Christ's coronet shine,
Effulgent with glory most bright,—
Reflecting unspeakable light.

EMMA L. JACKSON.

Emma, the purest, choicest beryls,
More precious than earth's richest pearls,
May polished be by Scripture rule,
And made bright in our Sabbath School.

Love's labor it is to prepare

Jaspers and Jacenths with much care,
And Amethysts with Sapphires rare,
Chrysoprasus, Sardonyx.—All
Kinds of pure gems—both great and small.
Such jewels fair our Lord prepares—
On his own bosom them he bears—
No more to suffer earthly cares.

SALLIE JACKSON.

Sweet are the chimes of gospel bells,
And charming to the ear;
Life's greatest joys their music tells,
Love's choicest notes so clear;
In ecstasy our bosom swells,
Eager their sound to hear.

Joyous and grand their melody,
(As that of rolling spheres,)
Can cheer the heart with grace most free—
King's balm for all our tears.
Salvation to earth's utmost clime,
On through the ages of all time,
No bells but these can ever chime.

ANNIE JOHNSON.

Ambrosial nectar we are told,
None but the gods might sip of old;
Now all the saints with Jesus meet,
In harmony and joy complete,
Eager to quaff his nectar sweet.

Jehovah Jesus feeds his flock,
On honey flowing from the rock;
His grace will all their wants supply;
None are refused to him that cry.
Sweet are the viands he'll provide,
On yonder shore for his fair bride,
Nor ever then his face will hide.

LIZZIE LITTLE.

Life is the season given
In which to seek for heaven—
Zion's a chosen place—
Zeal is a useful grace—
In youth and health prepare
Eternal life to share,

Look for the coming Lord,
In hopes of his reward.—
To see his face in love—
To dwell with him above—
Lay up your treasure there,
Each day by faith and prayer.

BELLA LONG.

Bright angels attending before the white throne
Eternally praise their Creator alone;
Let the harps of God's people be also unstrung,
Let all take delight in his service while young,
And let his sweet praise roll from every tongue,

Let all be preparing and waiting to greet him,
Overjoyed with the hope that in Bliss we will
meet him,
No longer shut off from the happy immortals,
Gone home to their rest through the heavenly
portals.

MARY A. McARTHUR.

Morning glories—gospel stories
  Are so beautiful and sweet,
Rose of Sharon—Jesus whereon
  You can build your hope complete;

And your crown cast at his feet.

Mighty mountains—living fountains
  Can be seen on Canaan's shore,
And all treasure, joy and pleasure,
  Richly laid up there in store.
Time is flying—mortals dying;
  Heaven is the saints' reward—
Upper home, where they shall roam,
  Right in presence of their Lord.

MARY J. McAULEY.

Miriam sang in sweet concert with Moses,
A triumphal ode on Arabia's shore;
Right gladly we'll sing where the paradise roses
Yield fragrance to God evermore.

Jesus renowned with all glory is crowned.

Mighty waves of sweet melody roll on afar,
(Celestial choristers singing,)
And echo their notes to the most distant star—
Up there all the joy bells are ringing.
Loud hosannas ascend from each glorified tongue;
Each saint in that temple shall sing—
Yea, all shall adore great Immanuel King.

MARY McCAUGHEY.

May grace in large measure be given,
  As rills that flow down from above,
Refreshing with blessings of heaven,
  Your faith, and your hope, and your love.

May streams from the fountain of grace
  Come down as celestial showers,
Christ Jesus revealing his face,
  And dwelling in these hearts of ours.
Unto Him who sits King on his throne,
  Give glory, and honor, and praise;
He'll come to bring home all his own,
  Even those who now walk in His ways—
Yielding homage to Him all their days.

ELIZA McCEOWN.

Elysian joys await all those
  Loved pilgrims, who their hopes repose
In Christ their risen Lord,
  Zealous to overcome all foes,
And hearken to his word.

Messiah, Prince, who loves his own,
  Can for their wants provide;
Christ will conduct them to his throne,
  Espouse them as his bride;
On yonder happy blissful shore,
  Where saints shall dwell for evermore,
No ill can them betide.

ELIZA McCOOL.

Eternal felicity is the rich prize
  Laid up within view of our wondering eyes,
In the kingdom of glory on high.
  Zeal for the great Master should make all
    arise,
And press on to the home in the sky.

Most joyful it will be to sit by the river,
  Calmly flowing through Eden above;
Christ guiding to streamlets for ever and ever
  Oozing out from the fountain of Love.
Oh! to drink with the saints, at the pure
    fountain head,
  Laid open by Jesus when his blood was
    shed.

IDA McLAUGHLIN.

"I'll come into my garden of flowers,"
Dear Jesus said long, long ago:
"And recline 'neath its sweet fragrant bowers

More lovely and whiter than snow."
Come into this garden of Jesus;
Leave earth and its pleasures behind,
And recline on his arm that saves us;
Unending felicity find.
Great glory, and honor, and pleasure,
Have all those who seek for reward;
Life eternal to be their rich treasure;
In heaven laid up without measure,
Now ready for friends of the Lord.

MAGGIE PEYTON.

May happiness, comfort and grace,
And the smile of the Saviour's face,
Go with you all life's journey through—
Great enjoyment while passing your pilgrim-
age here,
In heaven far greater when Christ shall appear,
Ever ready to bid a true welcome to you.

Prepare now to roam through celestial bowers,
Eternally fragrant with heaven's choice flowers,
You know that the tree on each side of the
River,
Tall and fruitful, shall bloom on for ever and
ever.
Oh! make sure you recline 'neath its green
shady boughs,
Nor forget that to Jesus you pledged solemn
vows!

LIZZIE RODGERS.

Love flies on swiftest wings of wind,
Imparting blessings to mankind;
Zephyrs attend its path along,
Zealous to soothe its flight with song.
It makes it shine within the heart,
Eternal blessings to impart.

Rich are the gems that sparkle shall
  On Christ the royal King,—
Delightful when the ransomed all
  Glory to him shall sing.
Eternal hallelujahs roll;
  Re-echoing from pole to pole,
Salvation to the ransomed soul

KATE SEIBERT.

King Jesus is seated upon his high throne,
Adored by bright angels attending,
To rule this vast universe all as his own,
Ever on through the ages unending.

Saints joyfully serve this great Monarch of all,
Ever bowing down meekly before him.
In response to his heavenly, gracious Call,
Behold how they love to adore him.
Earth's ransomed ones all in Immanuel's land,
Rejoice that in presence of God they shall stand,
To receive their bright crowns from the Saviour's hand.

MARY SLOSS.

May the sun of prosperity shine,
  And brighten the path which we tread—
Rich garlands will Jesus entwine,
  Yea, wreaths, to encircle the head.

So, then, as the seasons do pass,
  Let blessings abundantly fall
On the head of each one in the class,
  So that when the Master shall call.
Sweet rapture may gladden us all.

MAGGIE SMITH.

Moments are fleeting fast away,
And haste the day's declining;
God gives us strength for every day;
Grace while our sun is shining—
In love we should his laws obey,
Each hour without repining.

So, let us hear his loving voice,
Most winning and most tender,
Inviting us to make our choice,
That we in heaven may rejoice;
Hosannas there to render.

MARY S. STINSON.

Myriad, myriad saints adore,
  And praise their Lord above,
Rejoicing that they toil no more,
  Yet, bask in boundless Love.

Stars that begem the azure sky—

Stars, for the Master's crown,
  That sparkle where none ever die,
Inherit great renown.
  No honor, joy, or lasting fame
So glorious and great;
  Oh! that we may enjoy the same,
Near to the mercy seat!

SALLIE L. WEIR.

Sunbeams are softly shining,
And lovingly divining
Life's joyous, happy day—
Light from above is smiling,
And tenderly beguiling,
Earth's sorrows all away.

Love, peace, and joy forever

Will surely be attending,
Each child of God ascending
Into the Bliss unending,
Right by the crystal river.

SAMUEL M. BURNETT,

(SUPERINTENDENT.)

Since Sabbath School work is a labor of love—
A service for which the dear Lord
Much grace will bestow from the fountain above,
Upon all who will study his word;
Each worker therein should most earnestly pray,
"Lord Jesus, give strength for the work of
the day."

Much wisdom is needed in those who direct,

Bear the burden and *superintend*,
Utter words that may have the desired effect,
Rouse up teachers, and all to attend.
No service for Christ will he ever forget,
Even though it seem small in our sight;
Then, let all the teachers together unite
To sustain Mr. Samuel Burnett.

TO THE

OFFICERS AND TEACHERS

OF THE

SABBATH SCHOOL.

Rouse, Fellow-Workers, one and all,
And hearken to the Master's call,
Which like a trumpet, loud and clear,
Keeps ever sounding in our ear;
And gives us all to understand,
That it is Christ's divine command;
Who claims our service as his right,
For he has girded on his might,
And shed for us his precious blood,
Yea, saved us, when in guilt we stood,
From sin and Satan, death and hell,
And wrath incurred when Adam fell,—
He saved us both by price and power,
And claims our service every hour,
For it is owing to his love,
That we have being, live, and move.
His Call is—"Son and Daughter, go,
Work in my vineyard here below,

And you shall have an hundred fold
While here on earth, and Bliss untold
In that fair world, where free from strife,
You shall enjoy eternal life,—
A Kingdom, palm, and royal crown,
Unending glory and renown,
Great honor, fame, and rich reward,
Bestowed by Me, the reigning Lord."

Now let us gird the armor bright,
And battle for the truth and right.
Our Captain, who is Lord of Hosts,
Has called us to our varied posts.
In serried ranks the foes advance,
Well armed with dagger and with lance;
Their leader, Satan, in the van
Makes fierce assaults on helpless man;
While evil angels are abroad
To fight against the friends of God;
The world is joined in league with sin,
And all the fleshly lusts within,
In solid phalanx these combine
Against the cause that is divine.

Such are the foes whom we must meet,
And overcome, or bear defeat.
These all are mighty, base and vile,
And full of envy, malice, guile;
They are most eager to destroy
The loving girl, or tender boy;
It is our duty, then, to strive,
And thwart their projects, and revive
A work of grace within the youth,
By sowing seeds of gospel truth,
Which may take root, spring up, and bear
Untold returns of faith and prayer.

Now, if in this we do succeed,
We must be earnest and take heed,
That this shall be the first great rule,
Of every worker in the School—
Soul-Consecration to the Lord,
And thorough knowledge of his word,
Heart-felt devotedness to Him,
Who came lost sinners to redeem.
Let us be careful to prepare,
And then embalm the whole in prayer.

Let prayer and praise to God arise,
Which are a pleasing sacrifice,
The body and the soul let be
The Lord's to all eternity.
Let burning *zeal* each breast inflame
To spread abroad the Master's name—
Zeal for his glory and his laws,
And for success to his own cause.
Let there be true and ardent *love*,
(Drawn from the fountain head above)
To those entrusted to our care;
That they may be such jewels rare,
As shall obtain untold renown,
And sparkle in the Saviour's crown.
Let us have *faith* in Him who died—
The great Adored—the Crucified—
That living faith, by which we may
Remove all mountains in our way.
Let *hope* within our hearts remain;
The hope that we with Christ shall reign,
If we are faithful servants now;
And dedicate ourselves, and vow

To serve him in the gospel field,
And true heart-homage to him yield,
And let there be ecstatic *joy*,
That Christ is willing to employ
Unworthy agents such as we,
To tell of love and grace so free.
And let the *peace* that passeth all
Our understanding on you fall—
Peace first with God, and also then,
Peace with our conscience, and with men—
That pure serenity of heart,
Which truest courage will impart,
To fight against the mighty foe,
And save lost souls from hell below.
Let *patience* have her perfect work,
Till God remove the sins that lurk
Within the hearts of wayward youth,
So often hostile to the truth.
And let us also *persevere*,
Until the Lord, himself, appear,
And say to us.—"Well done, well done,
Come and receive the golden crown."

If this bright crown we ever wear,
We must on earth the burden bear,
"No cross, no crown," you may depend,
Will be Christ's motto to the end.
Then let us take with great delight
The yoke of Christ, which is so light;
For he has lined it all with love,
Shed down so richly from above.
Take up the cross and follow him,
Who only can our souls redeem;
Then if our hearts are all aglow
To save the youth from coming woe,
Let us due preparation make,
And ever work for Jesus' sake,
And as the Sabbaths swiftly pass,
Be always present in the class,—
Yes, always there, and never late,
But waiting still at wisdom's gate;
And ready with the harness on,
To see what service can be done
For him, to whom alone we owe
Salvation from the pit below.

By precept and example too,
Let us teach others what to do;
And seeking truth as purest gold,
We will bring forth things new and old,
Out of the Lord's abundant treasure;
And teaching will be such a pleasure,
That we will take heart-felt delight
To work for Christ with all our might;
And gather such into his fold,
As may become the finest gold,
To shine before the great white throne,
Where he shall claim them as his own,
And, Oh! to think that we may prove,
To be such instruments of love,
As Christ in mercy will employ,
To save some girl or else some boy,
That may become a brilliant *gem*
To sparkle in Christ's diadem—
A *trophy* of his matchless grace
To our rebellious, fallen race—
A *monument* of love to stand
For ever in Immanuel's land—

A *star* to twinkle in the sky
Of God's great firmament on high—
A *flower* that shall forever bloom
Beyond the Jordan and the tomb—
A *pillar* in that temple where
The saved are free from earthly care—
A *saint* indeed to sing and shine,
"The Christ that saved us is divine"—
A *jewel* fair that may be set
Upon the Crown of Jesus yet—
A precious, living corner *stone*
Carved for yon Palace near the Throne—
A fruitful *branch* of grace divine
In Him who is the Living Vine—
A true *believer* in the Lord
To reap at last a rich reward—
A lofty *cedar* that shall grow
Where crystal streams forever flow—
A *citizen* of that fair land
Where freedom smiles on every hand—
A *lamb* to play within the fold
In yonder city paved with gold—

A *friend* of heaven's exalted King
Whose praise the saints forever sing—
An heir of immortality—
A *captive* from all chains set free—
A *pilgrim* whose sad toils are o'er—
A *plant* to bloom on Canaan's shore—
A rescued, ransomed, saved soul,
While dateless, endless, ages roll.

Now, fellow-workers pause and think
That you may rescue from the brink
Of hell, some souls, designed to be
Most happy through eternity;
And shall amidst unclouded love,
Dwell in God's Mansion-house above—
Where royal crowns adorn the brow
Throughout one long eternal now;
And where the white-robed throng shall sing
Celestial songs to Christ their King,
Who loved, and saved, and brought them home,
Through God's great Paradise to roam—
Or rest beneath those fragrant bowers;
And spend their happy blissful hours.—

Or wander by the crystal River,
Where living streams flow on forever—
Or through elysian fields of bliss,
Where every sunbeam is a kiss—
Or sit beneath the Tree of Life,
No more to think of earthly strife:
But through eternal ages rest,
Reclining on the Saviour's breast—
Or basking in the vernal Sun;
So glad that Glory is begun—
Or breathe the pure salubrious air,
And bathe in seas of Bliss so rare;
Then sip the new Celestial wine,
Prepared by hands which are divine;
And then partake of angel's food,
So pure, and precious, and so good,
And clothed in robes of purest white,
More lovely than the shining light,
Gaze at yon bright and emerald bow,
That spans the firmament to show
That there, as here, the bounteous Giver
His Covenant will keep forever—

Jehovah, Jesus, God I AM,
The Father, Spirit, and the Lamb.
In serving this most blessed Lord,
Let it be ours to spread his word,
Let us be earnest, faithful, true,
And he will give us work to do,
In sowing pure and gospel seed,
Whose harvest we shall reap indeed;
For in the kingdom of our Father,
True workers shall rejoice together;
And bless the day when they were led
To work for Christ the Living Head;
Who will remember such a matter,
As giving but a cup of water,
To those dear little ones whom he
Will love to all eternity.

Now, if we save the wayward youth,
We must teach nothing but the truth—
Pure gospel truth, and then depend
On grace, and teach them "Man's chief end."
Let all the teachers in our School
Uphold the Bible as our *rule*.

And let it be the care of each,
To show what these same Scriptures teach;
And let us all do what we can,
To teach that God is Three-and-One.—
That he alone is God divine,
In whom all Attributes combine.
Let us unfold such truths as these—
God's holy, just, and wise decrees:
Creation's work—its how and when,
Angels of light, and sons of men;
The doctrine of God's Providence—
A theme so wondrous and immense;
God's covenant with pristine Man,
And all the mystery of that plan,
And, then, alas! First Adam's fall,
In which he implicates us all.
And then, the vileness of all sin,
With which our sorrows did begin—
That eating the forbidden fruit
Has been the fountain, cause and root,
Of all the miseries we bear—
To which our mortal flesh is heir.—

That God in mercy did not leave
Those sprung from Adam and from Eve,
To perish in this low estate,
But, as the Scriptures do relate,
His only Son he did bestow,
To save lost men from sin and woe;
And that God has elected some,
For whom Christ Jesus did become
A Surety; hence he will receive
All those who in his name believe.
He is our Prophet, Priest and King,
To teach, and suffer, reign, and bring
His people to the heights of Glory,—
And this is just the gospel story.
He rose triumphant and did go
To heaven, his Spirit to bestow,
That to our souls he might apply
Those blessings which both you and I
Receive in our effectual Calling,
By grace divine upon us falling.
Then teach what blessings we receive
In life, in death, and in the grave;

And in the resurrection morn,
If we are truly God's first-born.
Our duty unto God unfold,—
How he revealed his will of Old
From top of Sinai, as his throne,
Upon two tables made of stone,
And that in his Commandments ten,
He wrote it plainly unto men;
As thus summed up by some wise pen:—
"Have thou no other gods but Me;
Before no idol bow thy knee;
Take not the name of God in vain;
Nor dare the Sabbath day profane;
Give both thy parents honor due;
Take heed that thou no murder do;
Abstain from words and deeds unclean,
Nor steal, though thou art poor and mean;
Make not a wilful lie, nor love it;
What is thy neighbor's, do not covet."
Be sure to ask.—Are any able
To keep the laws of either table;

And teach that sins are bad and worse,
And all deserve God's wrath and curse—
That to escape them God requires
True faith in Christ, and thus inspires
A strong desire to see his face,
And love for all the means of grace.
With this commission you are sent
To teach that sinners must repent.
The Word, the Sacraments, and Prayer
Must be attended to with care.
In ways like these train up the youth,
Instructing them in Bible truth—
Dividing it as with a prism,
Devoutly teach the Catechism,
Then pray and work, and work and pray,
Both day and night, and night and day,
And as you work and teach to say,—
"Our Father, God in heaven above;
Thy name may all adore and love,
Oh! may thy kingdom soon increase,
And fill all lands with joy and peace,

And may thy will be done and known,
On earth, as 'tis around thy throne.
Our daily bread do thou supply,
And watch us with a Father's eye.
Forgive thou us of thy good will,
As we do those who do us ill.
From all temptation guard our way,
And full redemption grant we pray;
For kingdom, and all power are thine,
And glorious majesty divine;
Let all praise be ascribed to thee
Forevermore. So let it be."

And while your work is going on,
Look to the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Spirit to inspire
You with a heavenly desire,
To do some service for that Lord,
Who gave himself, and gave his word,
And opportunities, to gather
Some souls to Christ and to his Father.
And when our work on earth is o'er,
He'll open wide his Palace door,

And take us home where we shall sing
Hosannas to Immanuel, King,
In waves of melody that roll
From heaven's centre to its pole;
And cause its domes and arches ring
With hallelujahs which we'll sing
To him, who washed our sins away,
And brought us to the realms of Day,
To be forever with the Lord,
And praise his name with sweet accord.

IN MEMORIAM.

Bereft of all but hope and pity,
Alone, and sad, and desolate,
A hermit in a crowded city—
A weary pilgrim here I wait.

My *sun's* gone down at brightest noon;
My radiant *star* in darkness quenched;
Earth's sweetest chimes are out of tune;
The gem is from the casket wrenched.

The light of home and life is gone;
And mourning, to the grave I go;
There is no joy beneath the sun,
No comfort in this hour of woe.

She's gone, who was my all of life,
A helpmate, counsellor, and stay—
She's gone, who was a perfect wife,
And I am shrouded in dismay.

Oh! had she in departing only
But beckoned me one last good-bye,
To cheer the heart she left so lonely,
When passing to her home on high;

Then I could say, "Farewell my dearest,
Await me near the Crystal river,
Where Christ's sweet accents now thou hearest,
Great Almoner of Bliss forever."

But I must say, "Thy will, O Father—
Thy will, not mine, be ever done."
The hand of God brought us together,
Now he has placed her on his throne.

Had'st thou no message to deliver,
No word or look of fondest love,
To cheer my path across the river,
Up to the Mansion House above?

If so, it was a boon too great
For death, the tyrant, to bestow;
But you will meet me at the gate,
And tell me all I long to know.

You left, indeed, a precious treasure,
Memento of the happy years,
We spent amid unclouded pleasure,
Together in this vale of tears.

But cruel death has nipped the flower,
That only had begun to bloom;
We watched it till the closing hour,
Then laid it in the silent tomb.

The spirit's gone to tell the story,
How much you're missed by loved ones here,
And bask with you in radiant glory,
Where Jesus wipes off every tear.

One mutual bond is now in heaven,
And dwells with you in that bright sphere
And *one sweet lamb* that God has given,
Remains on earth my heart to cheer.

Your seat, alas! is vacant now;
I cannot see your happy smile,
But to my Lord I humbly bow,
'Twill only be a little while—

A little while and we shall gather
Around the bow-encircled throne;
Where in the presence of our Father,
We'll know each other as we're known.

The babe and mother stand and beckon,
From yonder battlements on high;
And I the weary moments reckon,
Until I meet them in the sky.

And there on Jordan's other side,
Where saints and holy angels roam,
I'll meet a waiting white-robed bride,
To bid me, "Welcome, welcome home."

Aug. 9th, 1877.

JAMES HENRY GAILEY.

Born January 30th; Died July 13th, 1877.

His advent to our home was, when
Dark clouds surcharged with sadness rolled
O'er us, portending ills untold;
Yet, such as chance to mortal men.

Our happy home, till now, had been
As tranquil as the azure sky,
When pale stars, as with twinkling eye,
Smile down benignly on the scene.

It was a home where all was calm,
And peaceful as a glassy sea,
From every wave of sorrow free,
And life passed as a sacred psalm.

But, lo! the King of Terrors, wild,
Stood near, to aim his fatal dart
With sad precision, at *her* heart,
Who gave birth to our darling child.

O Monster! cruel, hateful, dread!
Did you so grudge her moment's joy,
As lovingly she viewed her boy,
That you must strike the mother dead.

And give her only one brief day,
To view her babe, and kiss the rod,
And lift her heart up to her God,
To praise His blessed name, and pray,

That her sweet child might gain renown,
And then become a brilliant gem,
For her dear Lord's own diadem,
To sparkle in His matchless crown?

But as she prayed, you struck the blow,
That rends the dearest ties asunder,
And makes me stagger, tremble, wonder,
And lays this best of mothers low.

Now that she's gone, will you not spare
This smiling, fragrant, tender flower,
To bloom beneath my lonely bower—
You see, it is a plant *so* rare.

Oh! spare my cherub! Let him live—
But no, such is your spiteful hate,
That naught on earth can satiate
Your endless, dismal cry, "Give, give."

Could you not through the forests roam,
And lay the axe to fruitless trees,
Which waste their fragrance on the breeze,
And not lay desolate my home?

A home, alas! with clouds o'ercast,
For dearest wife and babe are gone;
And there remaineth only one
Sweet remnant of the happy past.

To her he was a "Baby Brother,"
That Jesus came to love and save;
But now he moulders in the grave,
And sleeps beside his sainted mother.

He is a little angel now,
To serve before the throne above;
And, may be, learn a mother's love,
As they in God's great Temple bow.

Farewell, my babe, farewell, adieu!
You cannot now return to me;
But I can go where I shall see,—
And spend eternity with you.

MISS MARY McCLURE KING.

Born January 28th, 1863. Died February 12th, 1882.

A lily whiter than the snow,
That for a season bloomed below,
Has been removed by Christ's command,
And planted in our Fatherland.

This fragrant rose cut down in bloom,
Sheds back sweet perfume from the tomb;
Aroma sweet embalms her name,
Which shall retain undying fame.

The fairest snowdrops that e'er spring
From earth are not so pure a thing;
Nor for a moment may compare
With this sweet flower of grace *so* rare.

But, Oh! this flower has been cut down!
And, yet, we would not dare to frown.
It was our Father's blessed will,
His holy purpose to fulfill.

We know that he does all things well,
And it is wicked to rebel;
He gave the *gem* he took away,
We'll know the "Why" some future day.

This lovely jewel sparkles now,
In yon fair crown on Christ's own brow,
"She was too good," as people say,
To dwell on earth another day.

Yes, *She was good*, a saint indeed,
One of the pure and holy seed,
Prepared to reign with Christ her King.—
Eternally his praise to sing.

For she was humble, gentle, meek,
And early did her Saviour seek.
God's *House* and *Word* to her were sweet;
She laid her all at Jesus' feet.

Now he has called his daughter home,
To bask in his sweet smile, and roam
Through bliss elysian in the sky,
Where no sad tear shall dim her eye.

Farewell, dear Mary, till that morn,
When, all the ransomed, the first-born
Shall sing hosannas to their Lord,
And enter on their full reward.

MISS LIZZIE DUNLAP.

Born April 1, 1864. Died May 3, 1882.

To the Pastor's Bible Class of which She was a Member.

Why weep, young friends, why weep? Alas
You miss dear Lizzie from the class,
That *form* so beautiful and sweet,
You miss from her accustomed seat.

No wonder that you weep so sore;
You'll meet her happy smile no more;
Though weeks, and months, and years may pass,
You'll not see Lizzie in the class.

The Shepherd's visit to this fold
Has caused *us* grief, but joy untold
To this meek lamb of his that's gone
To bask in Bliss before the throne.

Why weep? why shed such floods of tears?
I know that she was young in years,
But then she was *so* rich in grace!
With goodness pictured in her face!

That like an angel from above,
She was a synonym of love—
A paragon of all that's good,
Who did for Jesus what she could.

No earthly *flowers* of fairest bloom
E'er shed around such sweet perfume,
And none so pleasing unto Him,
Who did her precious soul redeem.

No *gem* bedecks an earthly crown,
Which is so worthy of renown;
For in Christ's Coronet divine,
This brilliant gem shall ever shine.

No *star* that twinkles in the sky
Is half so lovely in his eye,
Who came to take this star away,
To shine in skies of endless day.

She was as humble, meek, and mild,
And gentle as a little child,—
Oh! how devoted to her Lord,
And how delighted with his Word!

Her's was a life without a stain—
Her's was a death without a pain,
Her life was one sweet walk with God,
On that same path which Jesus trod.

Her death was robbed of all its sting—
'Twas only *meeting* Christ her King.
It was his kiss—his sweet embrace,
When she had run her Christian race.

It was a Seraph from the Throne,
Sent down by Christ to claim his own,
And in the chariot of his love,
Conduct her to his home above.

Weep not for Lizzie, who is gone
To bask beneath yon vernal Sun,
That lights up heaven with His rays,
And fills her soul with joy and praise.

She's gone to wander by the River,
That flows through Paradise for ever;
She rests amid celestial bowers,
And plucks for Christ sweet fragrant flowers.

Oh! She is happy, happy now,
Where balmy zephyrs fan her brow.
She's safe within the pearly gate,
Where holy angels on her wait.

She now beholds her Lord enthroned,
Who for her sin on earth atoned,
And placed her on his royal seat,
To cast her crown before his feet.

Hark! to the notes of that sweet song
Sung by the ransomed white-robed throng!
We fancy we can almost hear
Her voice so charming and so clear.

And, now, dear child of God, good-bye,
Until we meet beyond the sky.
We hope, we promise, and we vow,
To meet you where bright Seraphs bow.

EPITAPH.

MISS LIZZIE DUNLAP.

Here lies the *casket* of a gem,
Now, set in Christ's bright diadem,—
The *shell* is here, the bird is flown,
To sing before the great white Throne;
The *body's* lying here to rest,
The Soul reclines on Jesus' breast;
The *flesh* is mingling with the dust,
The Soul with spirits of the just;
The *one* enjoying sweet repose,
The other blooming like the rose;
This for a time on earth remains,
But, that has burst all earthly chains,
And, Seraph like, has soared away,
To realms of everlasting Day;
The both united evermore,
The great Jehovah shall adore.

J. N. McLEOD, D. D.

Born Oct. 11th, 1806. Died April 27th, 1874.

A father in Israel gone,—
The palm, crown, and victory won,—
His labors and vigils are o'er,—
He is gone, just a little before,
His mantle exchanged for the shroud,—
Gone, gone to rest,—John Niel McLeod.

A worthy descendant of one,
Who was truly a heroic man;
But now he is fallen asleep;
Weep, daughters of Israel, weep;
Oh! weep on high places aloud,
For the great man, John Niel McLeod.

He was truly a leader of men,
And mighty with tongue and with pen,
Yea, mighty in word, and in deed,
In maintaining his time-honored creed,
No wonder the church felt so proud
Of her great, good, John Niel McLeod.

A noble defender of truth,
From childhood and earliest youth;
Not swerving all life's journey through
From the famous old "Banner of Blue."
"*Surrender*," he never allowed;
Faithful to death—John Niel McLeod.

Prepared when the Master's call came,
To summon his servant by name;
He was waiting with harness all on,
When Christ should say.—"Welcome, well done,"
"Well done," echoes heaven's great crowd;
"Well done, well done,—John Niel McLeod."

Thou hero of many a fight,
And valiant for God and the right;
Pass on to the victor's bright crown,
Laid up for such men of renown;
Now enter where Seraphs are bowed,
To welcome home John Niel McLeod.

And join with bright spirits above,
Who drink at the well-head of love,
And wander through heaven at will,
Drinking deep at each fountain and rill;
Then swell forth the praises avowed,
To Him who saved John Niel McLeod.

In Greenwood's still bowers,
Among fragrant flowers,
Where pass the lone hours,
They lay him away,
With his kindred clay,
Till the last great day.—
His dust mingling with dust,
Of the good, and the just,

In peace, hope, and trust—
While his spirit does rest
On his Saviour's breast,
In the land of the blest;
Till the last trumpet sound,
This great globe around;
Or where mortals are found,
And awake from earth's caves,
All who lie in their graves,
Or 'neath ocean's rough waves;
On that joyful morn,
(To all the first-born,
Whom white robes adorn,)
He shall be among
The ransomed bright throng,
Who sing the new song;
And with Jesus shall stand,
At the Father's right hand,
In Immanuel's land—
There with glory endowed,
And praising aloud,
Behold John Niel McLeod.

May 1st, 1874.

LINES.

To a Mother on the Death of a Beloved Daughter.

Another faded from our sight,
Another flower cut down,
Another gem to sparkle bright
In the Redeemer's Crown.

Another trophy of his power,
A monument of love;
Another early faded flower
Is gone to bloom above.

Another loved one gone to dwell
In yonder blessed abode,
Where myriad myriad voices swell
The praises of their Lord.

Another joined the ranks above,
To be forever there,
And bask in boundless, endless love,
And rest from earthly care.

Another—say not—"she is dead;"
She lives 'mid joys untold;
Where Cherubim and Seraphs tread
On streets of purest gold.

Another tie is rent asunder—
A tie with earth below;
And still she smiles and seems to wonder
Why *we* should *fear* to go.

Another crossed the Jordan safe—
('Tis but a streamlet this:)
She waves the palm which Jesus gave,
And bathes in seas of bliss.

She wanders through yon shady bowers,
And breathes the balmy air,
And plucks, and gathers fragrant flowers,
That only flourish there.

She tunes her harp, and sings the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
And joins the bright triumphant throng
To praise the great I AM.

And ever and anon a look
She casts down to her mother,
To thank her for the pains she took,
And bid her train another.

Another and another still,
And yet again another,
Until a saved household will
Rejoice around their mother.

JOY IN HEAVEN.

Great joy ineffable up yonder,
Where all is perfect vision,
Fills Seraphs with adoring wonder
Amid the scenes Elysian.

Great potentates before the throne,
Chief princes of high station
Adore the Triune God alone,—
The God of our Salvation.

Unnumbered hosts within the veil
King Jesus are extolling;
And sing "Hosannas," and "all hail,"
In waves forever rolling.

Joy inconceivable abounds
Among bright angels singing,
And heaven's lofty dome resounds
With praise and gladness ringing.

Archangels sound the loud acclaim,
Jehovah Jesus praising,
And Cherubim extol his name,
At whom all eyes are gazing.

Bright angels strike their highest key,
Sweet melodies outpouring;
And saints exalt the One-and-Three,
Whom all are now adoring.

And louder, sweeter, grander, rolls
The praise of God extending,
Until it reach the utmost poles,
In songs of joy unending.

But why such joy in yonder skies,
And such intense commotion?
Why do unnumbered pæans rise
In notes of pure devotion?

Oh! Hark! A message from below.
(The Holy Spirit sent it,)
Reveals a lost soul saved from woe:
A sinner just repented.

And swift-winged messengers of light
Have told the joyful story,
That thrills all heaven at the sight
Of one more saint for Glory.

A soul condemned to lowest hell
Has been redeemed by Jesus,
And brought within his fold to dwell,
Where he from sorrow frees us.

And when this change has taken place,
Oh! what a vast transition!
A sinner saved by matchless grace
To dwell in Bliss Elysian!

Yes, an immortal living soul,
Which Jesus did deliver,
Has joined their ranks who shall extol,
And praise his name forever.

One saved from Satan and from sin,
From death, and from all danger;
A life of faith now to begin,
And be no more a stranger,

But fellow-citizen with them
Who are bright saints in heaven;
And wear the victor's diadem;
Which Christ the Lord has given.

GOD WINKING.

A little child of three years old,
Brought early into Jesus' fold,
And taught to love his ways;
One day was standing at the door,
To hear the thunder's dreadful roar,
And watch the rain in torrents pour,
And lightning fiercely blaze.

Astonished and awe-struck with wonder
At such terrific peals of thunder,
This child, who had been thinking,
Did unto his companions cry,—
"Come see the lightning fill the sky,
Oh! Come, and see, it is the Eye
Of God in heaven *winking.*"

Well done, Philosopher, well done,
Retain such thoughts and still press on,
No danger of you sinking;
For he who calmed the raging sea
Can from all troubles set you free,
And make the greatest storms to be
No more than Jesus "winking."

And as you study nature's God,
Both in his works and in his Word,
(While at such fountains drinking,)
Remember that Jehovah reigns
Throughout all Nature's vast domains:
And that the lightning he restrains,
With all the ease of "winking."

And since he has Almighty power,
He'll guard you in an evil hour—
No danger of him shrinking.
For truly he is Lord of all,

And can upon the lightning call,
By which he may his foes appal,
Who tremble at such "winking."

Hence let all wicked men beware,
For God will not forever bear
With sin to sin a linking;
He seems, indeed, to suffer long
With base transgressors doing wrong,
Yet vengeance does to him belong,
Though sinners think he's "winking."

Make sure, my gentle little friend,
That you remember man's chief end;
And let there be no slinking,
For Jesus from his throne on high
Is watching with a jealous eye,
All those who do his law defy,
And think that he is "winking."

Come daily now to his bright throne,
And claim dear Jesus as your own,
And then you will be thinking,
How he has blessed our fallen race,
By shedding down his richest grace,
And will unfold his smiling face
Where God is never "winking."

TO A NEWLY MARRIED COUPLE.

Olympus of old was the home of the gods;
Parnassus the seat of the Muses;
Yet discord and strife filled those fabled abodes
With sad and unseemly abuses.

But blessed is the home where religion and love
Join two happy hearts into one;
When God, smiling down from his Temple above,
Confers his choice gift upon man.

A gift which Jehovah at first did bestow
On Adam when all—all alone;
Hence mutual affection did lovingly flow,
Because she was bone of his bone.

Now, let the pure nectar of nuptial delight
Ever flow from the fountain of peace;
Let life's sweet endearments together unite,
And the comforts of wedlock increase.

True *love* should embalm every act, word, and look,
Throughout the whole course of your life;
Then follow the counsel contained in the *Book*,
And live as true husband and wife.

Let domestic felicity be the bright goal,
To which your frail bark you will steer;
Avoid every Scylla, Charybdis, or shoal,
That would shipwreck enjoyments so dear.

Let contentment her influence daily enshrine
In the Holy of Holies within;
Let concord and harmony sweetly combine,
As the duties of life you begin.

Let gentleness, kindness, and every grace,
Be cultured with heart-felt delight;
Let "bear," and forbearance, and love have
their place,
And always do that which is right.

Let there be no deep secrets to hide or conceal,
Let confidence reign in your hearts.
Let mutual concessions and frankness reveal
What happiness marriage imparts.

And as hand in hand you together pass on
To the end of your pilgrimage here;
Expect, and prepare for, the Master's, "Well
done,"
When before him, at last, you appear.

THE VOICE IN ETERNITY.

"What will you do with that sweet voice in eternity?" said a minister to a young lady who sang near him in church.

Dear Maiden fair, your charming voice
Would make an angel to rejoice;
And make me long to know,
If it will be employed up where,
Unnumbered hosts God's praise declare,
Or in the wailings of despair,
Among the lost below?

Will that sweet voice which God has given
Join in the blissful songs of heaven?
(Of Moses and the Lamb,)

And swell the symphonies that roll
In mighty waves from pole to pole,
And thrill with joy each ransomed soul,
In praise to God I AM?—

To him who washed our sins away,
Yea, loved us when in guilt we lay,
And made us priests to God;
At whom we shall through endless days,
With wrapt delight and pleasure gaze:—
To him be glory, honor, praise,
For he our earth has trod.

And will that tongue forever sing
Sweet hallelujahs to our King,
Before the throne above?
And with the saints of God unite,
And burning Cherubim so bright,
Where heavenly choristers delight
To praise him whom they love?

And will you sing of matchless grace
Extended to our fallen race,
And God alone adore?
Who gave his well-beloved Son,
That we the victory might win,
And, while eternity shall run,
Praise God forevermore.

And, Oh! to sing those anthems sweet,
When all the saints in Glory meet,
With yon triumphant throng;
And all in one grand chorus sing
The glories of the Mighty King,
Till New Jerusalem shall ring
With one Celestial song.

But, then, Alas! if it should be,
That in the long eternity,
Which lies beyond the tomb;

Your lovely voice in dread despair
Should wail forth shrieks that rend the air,
Amid the torments suffered where,
All is eternal gloom.

Dear friend, accept Salvation's boon,
And while on earth, your voice attune
To songs which God has given;
And having made this happy choice,
Through endless ages you'll rejoice,
And sing with that sweet charming voice,
To God alone in heaven.

ON THE HEAVENLY RAILROAD.

A little eight year angel girl,
With eyes like jet and teeth like pearl,
And skin as white as snow;
So charming, beautiful, and neat,
Came on the cars, and took her seat,
And let her ringlets flow.

It was indeed a pleasing sight,
To see this child so sweet and bright,
Upon the seat recline,—
With such a winsome, happy face,
And kindness, gentleness, and grace,
She almost looked divine.

But she had been of all bereft—
No home on earth to her was left,
Where she could now remain,—
Her father gone, her mother too,—
What could the little orphan do?
She stept into the train;

To seek the path her mother trod,
By which to reach her home with God—
'Twas all the hope she had;
For she had none that would caress,
Or guide her through the wilderness,
So dreary and so sad.

Her mother had in early days,
Instructed her in wisdom's ways,
And how to love the Lord.
So, now, when sad, and desolate,
And weary of her lonely state,
She thought of Mother's word—

That Jesus had a Railroad made—
And how his hands the rails had laid,
And tickets freely given.
She said,—"Conductor, is it true,
That this, your railroad, leads right through,
And straight to Christ in heaven?"

"Sweet child," he said, "I fear this road
Does not lead up to God's abode,
'Tis only running west,
And now, *my dear*, with gifts so rare,
Please give your ticket, or your fare,
And then recline to rest."

"I have no ticket," she replied,
"For Mamma said that Jesus died,
And gave the passage free.—
That He, Conductor on the road,
Which leads to heaven and to God,
No fare would ask of me."

And then the little orphan sighed,
And said,—"Before my Mamma died,
She often used to tell,
How Jesus had our sins forgiven,
And made a railroad unto heaven,
To save from death and hell.

"I thought, you look, so kind and nice,
This is the road to Paradise,
Of which she used to sing;
But Mamma sings to me no more,
For she is gone away before,
To sing to Christ the King.

"And I have been so sad, I know
Not what to do, unless I go
To Mamma in the skies;
For no one ever sings to me,
And my dear *Ma* I cannot see,
Nor can she hear my cries.

"She's far away beyond the stars,
Where I am going on these cars,
For I am lonely here.
I want my *Ma* to sing me,
And that with Jesus I may be,
And my own Mamma dear.

"Have you, sir, got a girl to love,
To whom you sing of heaven above,
And Christ whom God has given?"
To her he sadly answered.—"No,
I once had, but some time ago,
She went to God in heaven."

"Was this the way by which she rode,
When passing up to Christ's abode,
To dwell with him for ever?
And are you now upon the way,
To see her, where you also may
Dwell by the Crystal River?

"If you love Jesus who has died,
You can upon his railroad ride,
And get to heaven free;
He never charges any fare,
And bids you come in welcome where
His face you'll ever see.

"When I to that bright land shall go,
And reach the shining gate I know,
That he will let me in;
And Jesus has invited you,
As well as all these people too,
To take away their sin.

"And now I want to lie down here,
Until to heaven we draw near,
And then I'll go and see
Dear lovely Jesus and my *Ma*,
And tell your girl I saw her *Pa*,
Who was so kind to me.

"And let me ride upon his train
That leads away to God's domain,
And Christ the King of heaven."
"Yes, rest, sweet child, and then you'll come
To grace my sad and lonely home,
Which we shall reach by even.

"And at that station you can wait,
Until the Lord throws wide the gate
To his fair world on high."
"Oh! I'm so glad we're drawing near
My happy home, and Jesus dear,
And Mamma in the sky."

"God bless the darling," many cried,
"She is an angel," some replied,
And tears did freely flow.
"Yes, Mamma often used to say
I'd be an angel yet some day,
And then to Jesus go."

FEED MY LAMBS.

"Go, feed my lambs," says Jesus,
Who wrath divine appeases,
And from all trouble saves us;
Feed these his lambs so tender,
And He, as their defender,
A due reward will render.

Seek out the lambs of Jesus
Who heals all our diseases,
Aud from all sorrow frees us,
And bids his servants rally—
Seek them through court and alley,
On hillside and in valley.

Guard well these lambs of Jesus,
Who from his temple sees us,
When we do that which pleases
This great and good I AM,
Who has provided balm
For every little lamb.

Go, lay the wisest plans
To save the little ones,
For this is ever man's
Great duty to the Head,
Who suffered, died and bled,
That his lambs may be fed.

No service can be sweeter,
Or better, wiser, meeter,
Than this enjoined on Peter;
And which our blessed Lord,
Whose name should be adored,
Commands us in his Word,

It is our greatest Friend
To guide, shield, and defend
His lambs unto the end,
Who gives the high command,
To save from Satan's hand,
His helpless little band.

Feed them by pastures green,
With living streams between,
Where many lambs are seen
By loving Shepherds led,
To be by Jesus fed
Upon the heavenly bread.

Feed them by waters still—
By river, fountain, rill,
Till they obtain their fill
Of what is choicest, best,
And then recline to rest
Upon the Saviour's breast.

These tender lambs protect,
As God's own choice elect,
And all their steps direct,
Both by the crook and rod,
In paths which saints have trod,
To reach their home with God.

Bring them into the fold,
Where Christ they may behold,
And all the joys untold,
Which Jesus did provide,
Upon the other side,
For his own loving bride.

And for his own name's sake,
He all his lambs will take
Up in his arms, and make
Them monuments of grace,
To stand before his face,
Within his Holy place.

And when our work is o'er,
The Master gone before
Will place them evermore
Upon the azure sea,
Where they in Bliss shall be,
Through all eternity.

And when at close of day
We come to get our pay,
Then, Oh! how blessed are they,
To whom he says,—"Well done,
Come now and sit upon
My own and Father's throne."

THE THIRD R. P. CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

HAIL! Muse of the skies, in the Mansions of Love!
Shed down thy rich favors of grace from above.
Let streams of refreshing this heritage bless,
And grant to our labors abundant success.

May this garden of Jesus—this vineyard of thine
Be watered with showers of blessing divine;
Let zephyrs of heaven continue to blow,
And the God of our fathers all graces bestow.

'Tis the Church where resounded the voice of a *Black*—
A Church whose great motto is, "Never go back."
For founded on truth, as an ocean—washed rock,
She is destined to stand against every shock.

Being planted and watered with patience and care,
And cradled, and nurtured, and built up by prayer,
She stands up to-day in defence of the truth,
In all the fair beauty and vigor of youth.

'Tis the church of the seed of the Martyrs so true,
When Scotia's sons bore the Banner of Blue;
And the war-cry of freedom was raised in the land,
And the brave Covenanters stood up hand in hand,

And shoulder to shoulder alone to maintain
The Crown rights of Jesus—Immanuel's reign;
His royal dominion the Universe o'er,
And the manhood of man unto earth's widest shore.

Ye Martyrs of Jesus before the white throne
And witnessing spirits who beckon us on,
Ye giants, ye heroes in ages of yore!
We tread in the steps you have trodden before!

And we take up the mantle from you fallen down,
As you passed through the skies to obtain your bright crown;
And cast it around us, and promise anew,
To witness for Christ and his covenant too.

Up, up, ye descendants of such noble men,
And blow the great trumpet from hill top to glen,
To stir up our courage and spirits anew,
And to rally around the "Old Banner of Blue!"

Let us take the first rank in this prosperous land,
And be, though a small, yet a most faithful band;
Let us be to the churches a bright guiding star,
To point to the City that's shining afar.

Let us still lead the van in the mighty campaign,
'Till the nations of earth own Immanuel's reign;
Let us never surrender our blood-purchased rights,
Nor the heritage sell of such glorious fights.

Yea, the victories won in wild glens and in dells,
At stakes and on scaffolds, and in lonely cells;
When our forefathers suffered the loss of all things,
That they might reign with Jesus as priests and as kings.

Let the *Third Church* be foremost in every
good cause,
And stand up for Jesus, his doctrines, and
laws,—
Her pulpit resound as it ever has done
With naught but the Gospel—the Gospel for
man.

Let the session and members be faithful and true
To their vows, and their God, and their con-
sciences too;
Let a spirit of Missions pervade every heart,
And let all unite in performing their part.

Let the Sabbath School duties be dear to each
one,
And the "Gailey Society" do what it can;
Let the Temperance interests flourish again.
So be it, so be it. Amen, and amen.

Feb. 28th 1872.

"SALVATION TO THE LAMB."

The theme divine which God has given
By which to praise his name in heaven—
The song of songs to God I AM,
Is this: "Salvation to the Lamb."

This is the song of spirits bright,
Who bask in rays of purest light,
And wave the victor's honored palm,
And sing, "Salvation to the Lamb."

And when those choristers above
Swell forth their notes of purest love,
All join in one celestial psalm,
Which is, "Salvation to the Lamb."

And as they think of Him who trod
This lower sphere a very God,
And did the surging billows calm,
They sing, "Salvation to the Lamb."

And when they gaze, at yon bright throne,
On Him who did for sin atone,
And thus procure our healing balm,
They sing, "Salvation to the Lamb."

While roaming through celestial bowers,
To pass their happy, blissful hours,
Or, sitting by some purling stream,
They sing, "Salvation to the Lamb."

And ever and anon they sing,
(While corridors and portals ring,
With loud Hosannas to his name,)
The song, "Salvation to the Lamb."

Salvation, unto him who reigns
O'er earth and heaven's vast domains,
Shall be their never-ending theme,
Who sing, "Salvation to the Lamb."

And, Oh! what multitudes are there
To breathe the pure and vernal air,
And join their hearts to sound his fame,
And sing, "Salvation to the Lamb.

There Enoch, Noah, David, Paul,
Confessors, prophets, martyrs, all,
To join with father Abraham
And sing, "Salvation to the Lamb."

There meet the good, the great, the blest,
Who come from North, South, East, and West;
Yea, even from the land of Ham,
To sing, "Salvation to the Lamb."

And longer, sweeter, louder far
Than sounds of many waters are,
The saints of God, with one acclaim,
Shall sing, "Salvation to the Lamb."

And now one burst of endless song
Ascends from that unnumbered throng,
Who gather round the great I AM,
And sing, "Salvation to the lamb."

ELIJAH THE PROPHET.

From Tishbe's lonely village,—
A spot unknown to fame,
Jehovah called Elijah
To speak in his great name.—

To blow the gospel trumpet,
Till hill and valley ring
With long and loud Hosannas,
To heaven's Almighty King,—

To gird the prophet's mantle,
And grasp the seer's wand;
And witness for Jehovah
In His benighted land;

And raise aloft the Banner
  Inscribed to Zion's King,
That all his saints might rally,
  And votive garlands bring,

To crown the Lord's Anointed,
  Great Monarch on the throne,
Whom all the hosts of heaven,
  And tribes of earth shall own.

And lo! the God-sent prophet
  Comes like a blazing star,
To shine in radiant splendor,
  And shed his light afar.

He was a noble hero—
  Strong as a brazen wall;
Before him Baal's prophets
  And priests were doomed to fall.

Hurled as a bolt from heaven—
Sent as a judgment rod—
King Ahab and proud Jezebel
Found him the scourge of God.

Ah! well may Ahab tremble
Amid the gathering gloom;
And well may haughty Jezebel
Quail at her coming doom.

For leagued in guilt together—
To Satan's service sold—
Their sins in sight of heaven
Would make the blood run cold.

But shall those base transgressors
Escape the judgment rod,
And holy indignation
Of an offended God?

Ah! no. The dark clouds lower,
And God's avenging flood,
Shall sweep away those traitors,
And dogs lap royal blood.

Behold the brazen heavens,
The parched and barren earth,
The sad, sad desolation
Caused by the drought and dearth;

It was Elijah's prayers
That bottled up the rain,
And staid the dews of heaven,
And brought them back again.

It was this saintly prophet,
That dared to stand alone
Upon the heights of Carmel,
And there Jehovah own.

When Baal's blinded thousands
Called loud on him in prayer,
Elijah gained the triumph,
And slew those wretches there.

For once his lion-boldness
Quailed at the fiery spleen,
And vengeance vowed in fury
By Jezebel, the Queen.

But God prepared a refuge—
The Juniper's green shade:
And now for death and heaven
The weary prophet prayed.

Thus showing him short-sighted,
For little did he know,
That by *this* way to Glory,
He never was to go.

Near by the brook's soft murmur
God's ravens brought him food,
And then Sarepta's widow
Did for him all she could.

And now the prophet wanders
Through desert's burning sands,
Until he reaches Horeb,
To hear the Lord's commands.

When, lo! the wind of heaven,
The earthquake and the fire,
And voice so soft and gentle,
Which did his soul inspire

To gird anew the armor,
And go forth to the fight,
To battle for his country,
For God, and for the right.

As rock that breasts the ocean,
So stood he all his day,
And waves that swept against him
Were dashed in hissing spray.

He never knew "surrender,"
Nor cared for smile or frown;
And now his home is ready,
His amaranthine crown.

His earthly work is over,
His race is nobly run,
The crown of life awaits him,
His victory is won.

God's angels stand awaiting
Their Master's high behest,
To harness up their chariots,
And bring another guest,

To sit at yonder table,
  Spread in the happy Land
For all the heirs of glory,
  Who meet at God's right hand.

Elijah takes his journey
  To get a final view,
Of earthly scenes so hallowed,
  And bid them all adieu.

He looks at hills and valleys
  His feet so oft had trod;
Upon the land and people
  Forsaken now of God.

He heaves a sigh of pity,
  He drops a silent tear,
He sees the fiery trials,
  And judgments very near.

But on and on he journeys,
Attended by his son:
And Oh! how sweet and holy
The converse now begun.

He speaks of past and present,
God's Providence so kind;
Alas! the gloomy future
Prays much upon his mind.

'Tis gloomy to the nation,
But to the prophet bright,
For soon his clouds and sorrows
Shall merge in endless Light.

Now to the future prophets
He goes to bid adieu,
And give his parting blessing,
And bid them all, "Be true."

And when he comes to Jordan
It parts to let him o'er,
A type of that same river
We cross to yonder shore.

"Elisha," says the prophet.
"What is thy last request,
For I desire to grant it
Ere entering into Rest."

"I ask a double portion
Of that which rests on thee,
That I for holy service,
Well qualified may be."

"Though hard, it shall be granted,
If you are standing nigh,
And see me when God's angels
Shall bear me up on high."

And now, those fiery chariots,
That wait 'neath heaven's dome,
Have just received commission
To bring Elijah home.

And quicker than the sunbeam,
Or than the lightning flash,
Those charioteers of brightness
Rush with a sudden dash,

And snatch away the prophet
In their swift fiery cars,
And climb the arch of heaven,
Far, far beyond the stars.

The earth is lost to vision—
They pass bright orbs of light.—
'Tis only but a moment,
And heaven bursts in sight.

How high those shining towers;
Those palaces, how grand!
How bright and vast the mansions,
In yonder happy Land!

How soft the balmy zephyrs!
How sweet the rich perfume;
How lovely the green bowers,
Where fragrant roses bloom!

The pearly gates he enters,
Where saints and angels roam:
Ten thousand thousand voices
Shout, "Welcome, welcome home."

Lo, there is holy Enoch
To grasp him by the hand!
And bid him ten times welcome
Into Immanuel's Land.

"Well done, well done, Elijah,"
Says Jesus from the throne,
"Now bask in Bliss immortal,
Forevermore thine own.

"Thou blessed of my Father
Come and receive thy crown,
That has been long awaiting,
A man of such renown.

"Come, wander by the river,
And through celestial bowers,
Where saints and holy angels
All spend their blissful hours.

"Come, and behold the glories
Of God the great I AM;
Come, sing the song of Moses—
Of Moses and the Lamb."

And now the faithful prophet
His banquet has begun,
Which lasts in God's own heaven
While dateless ages run.

And from those heights of Glory,
To us he beckons down,—
"Come while the gates are open,—
Come and receive your crown."

A REJECTED SUITOR.

A rich unbeliever when seeking a wife,
To be his companion and partner for life,
To a fond loving father with confidence said,—
"May I have the hand of your daughter to wed?"

"No Sir. Though your treasures of silver and gold
Were as great as they are many thousand times told,
Yet the hand of my daughter you will not obtain
While I on this footstool of God shall remain.

"No, no, I shall never, no never, agree,
To permit my pure treasure your partner to be,
Lest you drag her down hence to the region of woe,
Where all unbelievers will finally go.

"I never could meet my dear wife up in heaven,
And tell her that I her sweet darling had given
To a man, who would dare, while on earth, to profane
The name Jesus, Messiah, the Lamb that was slain.

"Could I ever look straight in the face of her mother,
And confess that her daughter I gave to another?—
A man who is servant and seed of the Devil,
To poison her mind and expose her to evil.

"Could I ever, up yonder, rejoice with my wife,
And converse of the things which pertain to this life?
And remember her charge when just crossing the river,
'Take care of our child, and to whom you will give her?'

"Do you think after this I could give her
to one,
Who lives like a heathen—an ungodly man,
To clog, and restrain, and encumber my dove,
In her flight to the mansions of glory above?

"Could I ever expect in *His* presence to
stand,
Who is Monarch of all in Immanuel's Land,
And reflect how I bound my dear child to a
stone,
To sink her to depths of perdition unknown?

"How could I unite with bright angels that sing
The high praises of heaven's most glorious
King,
And remember how I my sweet angel had
sold
To a husband because of his silver and gold?

"Could I join with the saints at the banquet
of love,
As they feast in the grand Palace-Royal
above,
And look down to my child left to famish
forever,
On the husks of earth's pleasure? Ah! never,
no, never.

"Oh! no. She was given in answer to prayer,
And entrusted by God to my guardian care;
And I'd rather surrender my life's blood
to-day,
Than, thus, my pure innocent daughter
betray."

A HARP IN HEAVEN.

Of those who pine, and fret, and whine,
There was a widow's daughter,
Whose peevish way made people say—
"Some evil spirit wrought her."

Her days and nights, (like Israelites
When murmuring for manna,)
In discontent, she often spent,
In begging a piano.

In hurry, flurry, she did worry
Her mother meek and humble;
Whom she did tease, and sore displease
With her eternal grumble.

She said,—"'Tis strange that in the range
Of my young friends so many,
The misses can at least have one,
But I cannot have any.

"To be *so* poor, I can't endure,
It is so very trying."
So, in a pout, she strutted out
Amid a fit of crying.

And pouting more, she slammed the door,
And said,—"I'll not endure it:
But I will vex, and you perplex,
Until you do procure it.

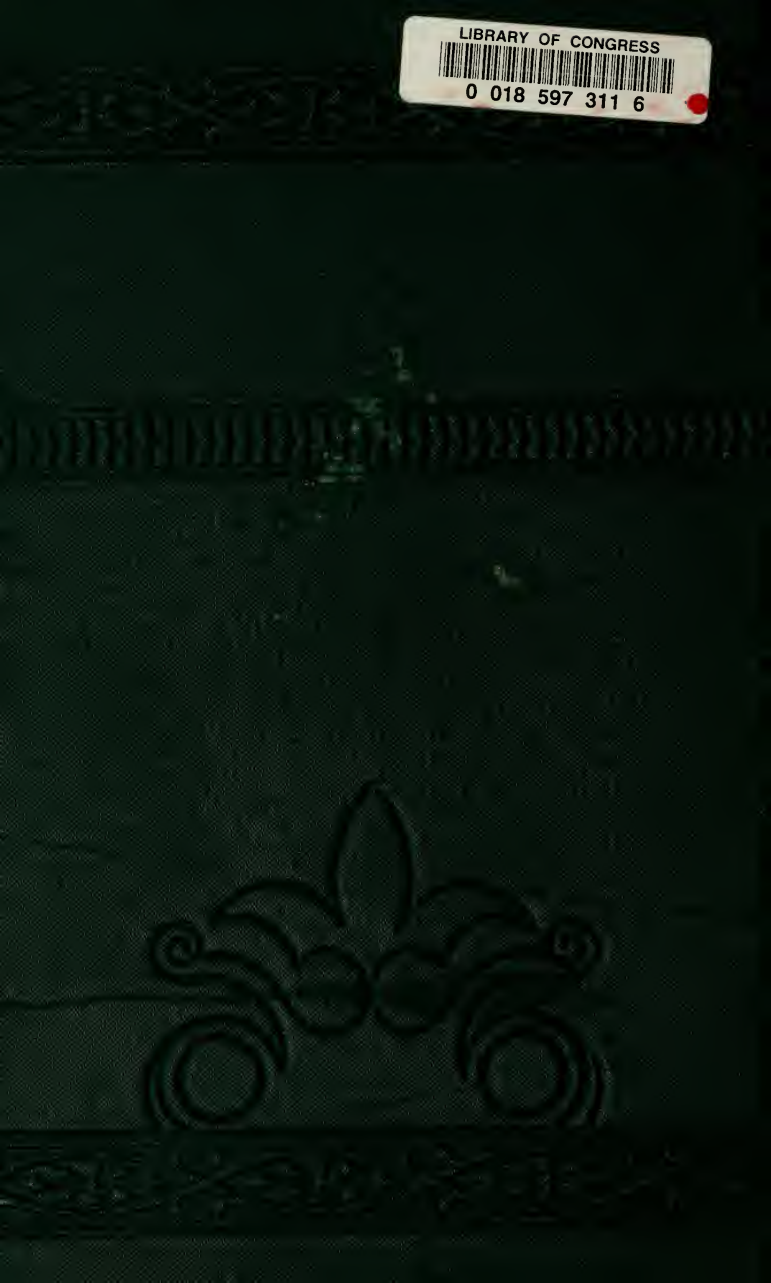
"I must have one, and then I can
Feel just the same as others;
Who surely may be glad that they
Have kind indulgent mothers."

This mother mild, said,—"O, my child!
You know I am not able.
I wish I could get ample food
To place upon the table.

"How thankful we should ever be
For what God is bestowing;
Then look away through endless Day,
To joys above all knowing.

"And bless the Lord for his good Word,
Which lights our path to Glory;
And Jesus seek—that Lamb so meek,
Revealed in gospel story.

"And now, my dear, if God you fear,
And Him whom he has given—
If you believe, you will receive
A *Harp* from Christ in heaven.

"And then you may both sing and play,
Among the fields Elysian;
And see his face in joy and peace,
Where all is perfect vision."

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